

SEPTEMBER 1940



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HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



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From the Secretary of one of the largest Humane Societies in the country comes this letter, dated July 12, 1940:

"We have a very favorable report from our public school librarian on the demand for the film, **THE BELL OF ATRI**. They now have eleven advance bookings for next season, and had to refuse it forty-four times during the last school year because of conflicts.

"We are interested in providing another copy. Let us know at what price you can supply it."

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Our Dumb Animals

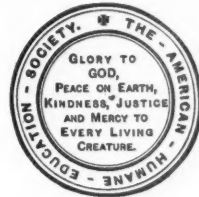
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The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 9

The British Minister of Agriculture said recently, "The war might well be won by whoever held the last week's supply of food."

J. Edgar Hoover tells us twelve per cent of all murderers, forty-five per cent of all burglars, thirty-two per cent of all thieves, fifteen per cent of all arsonists, and fifty-two per cent of all automobile thieves arrested were under voting age.

It would seem, from the decision of a California district court of appeals, that dogs can be carried by passengers in the ordinary railway coach instead of in baggage cars, as is the regulation at least in the East. The railroad, however, must see the dog harms no one. The Southern Pacific Company had recently to pay damages of \$400 because a five-year-old boy in a seat near a dog was bitten.

The *Animal World*, the organ of the Royal S. P. C. A. of London, is authority for the following:

"In Finland great numbers of horses actually injured on the battle fronts are being nursed back to health. From wounds and diseases there were some 12,000 casualties. It is estimated that some 5,000 horses, 36,000 cattle and 40,000 sheep have had to be transported over long distances to save them. The Royal S. P. C. A., the Finnish Government has recognized as having generously aided them in its care for the animals that were the victims of the war."

Please Notice

In the interests of economy we have adopted a new system of mailing *Our Dumb Animals*, beginning with the August issue. If our readers do not receive the publication in good order and regularly we ask that they advise us.

War's Sufferers

WHERE are they? How many are there? No man knows. No man ever will know. There are so many kinds of suffering for which war is responsible that even the recording angel would despair of telling the number.

Think of only a few. The suffering of the wounded soldier falling on the field of battle, or being carried to some hospital base, or still alive though mutilated beyond all hope, or the air man in the crashing and burning plane, or the sailor in the bombed and sinking ship.

Think of the anguish of the aged, driven from home and traveling, worn and weary, the highway under terror of shot and shell, of little children lost, frightened, knowing nothing of what it all may mean. Think of the homes whose inmates wait through sleepless nights and anxious days for that dreaded explosion that at any moment may fall upon them. Think of the homes where mothers start at every footstep, lest it be the messenger telling of one never to be seen again. Think of the sufferings of the lovers who can never forget that good-bye kiss. Think of the sufferings of the millions whose hearts go out in sympathy to all these and who cannot forget them.

And all this wild, raging sea of pain and woe dashing against the shores of a once peaceful life—all this world of suffering, needless, reasonless, born of a spirit defying God and the moral order of the world. This is the thing men call war. It's more than that—it's modern war that can murder the mother holding her baby to her breast, slaughter the helpless fugitives that crowd strange roads hastening they know not whither.

Men have called this thing not only war, but Hell. Hell, whatever that word stands for, must be ashamed to have its name so disgraced. This modern war that grinds a conquered people into dust; that with its secret spies and invaders creeps like a thief in the night with knife in hand into a nation's borders and strikes at its very heart, and then glories in its treachery and crime. This is the depth of heartless cruelty

to which man can sink when, mad in his greed for power, he sells his soul to the prince of darkness.

Yet we must not forget that in land after land there are ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands of men and women who do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with their God; for every tyrant, for every maker of war a host no man can number, loyal to truth and hating lies, all holding sacred the ties of human brotherhood.

Which Path Shall We Choose?

In these dark days through which our modern world is passing, when the prayers of millions that cry for peace have seemed to die at the suppliants' lips, over and over again has come the age-old, taunting voice of the cynic, "Where is now thy God?"

Which path are we going to take—the one where walk the men who say there is no God, who say the world and all it stands for has ever been and ever will be only the helpless victim of a blind and blundering Fate which knows no difference between a human heart and a moth whose wings are withered in the flame?

Or shall it be the path followed by Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, followed today by a multitude whom no man can number, high and low, rich and poor, scholar, sage, peasant, toiler, who, to the cynic's charge, answer with that singer of an ancient day, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why are thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him."

From England

Reports from humane authorities in England tell us that, though the destruction of animals was great through the early months of the present war, it was by no means as disastrous as has generally been understood from articles in the press.

At the last annual meeting of the Royal S. P. C. A. the statement was made that soon after the outbreak of the war the Society was inundated with requests to destroy animals, and was able painlessly to put to sleep 750,000.

Dusk Comes

MINA M. TITUS

*I like to watch the sun sink low
Behind the shadowed hills,
And hear the far-off, haunting call
Of plaintive whip-poor-wills.*

*I like to see the white mist rise
Beyond the pasture bars,
And fireflies dance on dew-drenched fields
Beneath the night's first stars.*

*I like to hear home-flying wings,
And weary, plodding hoofs,
And rustling hay, and tinkling bells
'Neath lantern-lighted roofs.*

Animals Like Music, Too!

CHARLES RICHARD DUTTON

FOR a great many years it was the common belief that human beings were the only lovers of music, but in recent years it has been proved otherwise. Several years ago a poultry farmer in the Midwest installed a radio in one of his large hen houses as an experiment. He kept the instrument playing constantly all day and soon he was rewarded by receiving dozens more of eggs from the birds in that particular pen. However, the hens in the other pens that could not hear the radio continued laying the usual number of eggs. As a result of the experiment other radios were promptly installed in all of his hen-houses. Other poultrymen were quick to adopt the idea and in many of the larger poultry farms today a radio is as much a part of the equipment as are the nests and the watering-troughs.

Another farmer in Ohio was unable to hear his favorite early-morning program because he was milking his cows at the time the program was on. To remedy the situation he brought his radio to the barn. In less than a week milk production skyrocketed. Removal of the radio resulted in an immediate drop in the amount of milk produced. Again he installed the machine and again he received more milk. Cows, it appeared, were devotees of music as well as hens.

It was not all farmers who experimented in this field, however. In a zoo in Philadelphia a swing band was hired to play several selections in front of the monkey cage. The music had scarcely begun before the monkeys were dancing crazily around the floor of their cage like true "jitterbugs."

A small pet turtle which I once owned was ordinarily very sullen and kept himself inside his shell almost all of the time. He would come out quickly enough though when I whistled some snappy tune to him. For over a century western cowboys have kept nervous cattle from stampeding by crooning gentle melodies to them. And so it seems that birds and animals, the latter particularly, enjoy music as well as we do. Truly, music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.

The Jack London Club now numbers 780,496 members, all pledged to do what they can to prevent cruelty in training animals for stage or screen. Write to 180 Longwood Avenue Boston, for full particulars.



"SAMSON," "STRONG MAN" OF RAINIER NATIONAL PARK

By Roland Ryder-Smith, Seattle, Washington
Prize-winner in recent contest of *Our Dumb Animals*

"Martians" Save Animals

CLEVE WILLIAMS

MEN from Mars," parachuting out of the skies, are saving the lives of thousands of wild animals and songbirds in the great forests of the Pacific Northwest.

They are the "smoke jumpers" of the United States forest service, who brave deadly peril by flying to the scene of a forest fire, leaping from a fast plane and parachuting down into the timber, to attack the flames before they grow into a great conflagration.

These flying firemen resemble, to some extent, the dreaded parachutists of European armies, but they are soldiers of mercy, and their technique has been developed by the forest service after years of study. They wear heavy crash helmets, thick shoes, bright red canvas coverall suits and heavy wire masks to protect the face.

When an observer, for instance, looks from his tall tower with a telescope and sees a wisp of flame curling up after a lightning storm in an inaccessible part of the forest, he knows there is grave danger.

It would take men with mule-trains carrying fire-fighting tools several days to reach the spot. By that time, the fire would be a holocaust. Particularly if the wind were brisk, the flames might leap into the tops of the trees, forming a terrible "crown fire," which can race before the wind at fifty miles an hour.

Such fires turn the forests for thousands of miles into black and smoking tracts of terror, dotted with the pitiful carcasses of America's most graceful and beautiful animals and birds.

No deer or antelope can outrun the fiendish bursts of flame that hurtle through the tree-tops. Little bears, jackrabbits, porcupines and similar animals that are even natural enemies, find themselves running

hopelessly together before the flames, making anguished sounds like the cries of little children, as the fire rings them in. Birds, blinded by the horrible haze of smoke, beat their wings futilely. Bewildered, they even plunge into the fire. There is practically no escape for animals when a fast crown fire is on the rampage.

Observers in airplanes have seen deer, trying to outrun the flames, actually burned to blackened crisp by searing heat before the pursuing flames overtook them.

But nowadays, the man in the tower will very likely spot the fire when it is small, and telephone immediately to headquarters. If there is any danger, a fast plane of the forest service will take off and fly over the flying column of smoke.

A weighted burlap bag, attached to a parachute, will be dropped, for observation of wind drift. Then the "smoke jumper" will tumble from the plane, pull the ring and open his 'chute. Falling slowly, he crashes through the tops of the trees, and finds himself tangled among limbs and foliage, sometimes nearly trapped by the lines of his parachute harness.

He breaks free, and scans the skies. Soon the pilot throws overboard another burlap bag, and attached to its parachute is a long yellow streamer. This is the fire-fighting tool kit, containing axes, shovels, picks, food, water, a first-aid kit and a radio.

The fire fighter attacks the blaze single handed. By arriving promptly on the spot, he has an easier chance of extinguishing the fire, saving near-by timber and preventing destruction of wild life. If the fire is beyond his control, he radios for help, and it is not long in coming.

The forest service reported that the first season of the "smoke jumpers" was very successful in the Okanogan and Chelan National forests of Washington state, and in the Bitterroot forest of Montana. The aerial force is likely to be increased.

Love for a Horse

I HAVE heard a good deal about the mutual affection of a man and his dog, and there is much there to evoke admiration and in many cases almost wonder, writes Jeff D. Ray in the *Star-Telegram*, Fort Worth, Texas. But I suppose the friendship between a noble man and a noble horse more than anything else we know rivals genuine human friendship. An ancient classic illustration is Alexander the Great and his war horse "Bucephalus" and a modern illustration equally classic is Robert E. Lee and "Traveller." But the last and perhaps most appealing case of man-horse affection was Will Rogers and his horse which bore the classic sobriquet of "Soapsuds."

I received a Christmas calendar and the frontispiece was a picture, reproduced in full color from the original painting of Antonio D'Elia. It showed Will Rogers leaning against a low fence holding in the palm of his hand an apple temptingly near and yet tantalizingly far from the nose of old Soapsuds, and Will looking up at the horse, a mischievous twinkle in his eye with a kindly mockery and seeming to say—"Soapsuds, let's eat it."

On the second page of this calendar was the following joint tribute to Will Rogers and his friend the horse:

"It was natural that Will Rogers loved horses, and that horses loved him.

"When God made this world He gave each animal characteristics of its own. To some He gave beauty. To some He gave strength. Still others He endowed with speed. A few, by way of contrast, He made ugly and stealthy and mean.

"Then—looking over His handiwork—He decided to give man a perfect companion. So he took the best from each of the other animals and created the horse. He gave the horse beauty of line, fleetness of foot, and superlative strength. Then he topped off all of these physical characteristics with the finest gift it was within His power to bestow. He gave to the horse NOBILITY OF CHARACTER.

"There is a kinship in the animal world that extends even to mankind. We expect a prize fighter to choose as his animal friend a lion cub or a bulldog. We expect an opera singer to have as her animal companion a gentle Pekingese. We expect a sailor to have as his pet a talking parrot.

"And so, on the theory that 'like seeks like' we should expect to find Will Rogers, nobleman that he was, finding comfort and solace and companionship in the friendship of his favorite horse."

The New Colt

RUTH CLEVENGER

When ancient apple trees bowed low with bloom,

*And horses pastured on new orchard grass,
One day my father passed the word around,
"Old Lady has a colt; came late last night."*

*I went to her box-stall without delay,
Heart beating high. But Lady flipped an ear*

*And cast a sideways glance, as if to say,
"Child, mind your own affairs!"*

My thoughts were not for Lady, but the colt

Braced at her flank. What if his legs looked jointy then,

His tail as fuzzy as a dusting mitt?

He had a lovely star on that bright forehead;

I found him beautiful; being with him thrilled me.

*I was too young to know his origins,
The Hambletonian stamina and speed,
The courage and the fire of Volunteer;
Too young to know the centuries of care
The Arabs gave before our part began—
But not too young to sense the awkward grace*

*Beneath that chestnut coat,
The gentleness of soft, confiding muzzle,
The pride of that small head, held high,
The passion in his dark and lustrous eye
Which only one who loves a horse may understand.*

Donkey Well Worth Owning

GRIGGORY DOLE

DID you ever hear of the donkey that discovered a rich gold mine? Don't laugh. There are court records in Idaho to prove that such a thing actually happened.

Two prospectors—N. S. Kellogg and Phil O'Rourke, by name—one day back in the 90's, hired a donkey to explore some land in Idaho. While they were busy checking the ground in one place, the donkey became restless and began pawing with its foot. It tore away some turf, and there, plain as day, gleamed a rich ledge of ore. The prospectors at once staged a celebration. Both their fortunes were made, they figured.

But they had reckoned without the owners of the donkey. These gentlemen, a Mr. Cooper and a Mr. Peck, learned what their animal had done and then put in a claim to part ownership of the mine. It hardly seemed fair to them that they shouldn't share in the sudden wealth that their own donkey had uncovered. The two prospectors fought their demands and so the law courts had to decide the contest. The case wound up at last before Judge Norman Buck, one of the earliest and most respected of all the Idaho jurists.

While people all over the state were following the suit, the judge solemnly gave his decision. This is how it read:

"From the evidences of the witnesses the court is of the opinion that the Bunker Hill mine was discovered by a jackass, Phil O'Rourke and N. S. Kellogg. As the jackass is the property of the plaintiffs, Cooper & Peck, they are entitled to a half interest in the Bunker Hill and quarter interest in the Sullivan claims."

All the lucky owners were well rewarded. In the year 1904 the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining Company declared a dividend of \$40,000. Already it had paid out the sum of \$1,673,000 to its stockholders.

If ever a donkey deserved to be well taken care of for the rest of its natural life, the jackass that had brought Messrs. Cooper and Peck so great a bonanza certainly was such an animal.



THE LEADER RATTLES THE DOOR-LATCH IN HOPES OF A REWARD OF TID-BITS

Song Sparrow

MARIE F. JOHNSON

*Flick your nervous tail;
Wipe your little bill
on the wires.
Watch the slow clouds sail
Gold in the dawn—and trill
your sweet desires.*

*Raise your pulsing throat;
Pearl your throbbing song,
dawn-adoring.
Thrill the trees remote;
Shake the dew and fog
from the morning.*

Warblers Lost and Found

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

SHOULD you happen along the St. Francis River in southeastern Missouri in the summer do not give all your attention to the interesting work of lead mining and smelting which goes on in this region. Be sure also to ask some bird lover thereabouts to point out Bachman's warblers to you.

I say, "Ask some one native to point out these birds," because if you are a stranger you will hardly be lucky enough to know this rare bird which was lost for a long time, but happily found again.

A naturalist named Bachman was the first person to spot this bird anywhere in our land. It was near Charleston, S. C., in 1833. Mr. Bachman sent the bird to the great Audubon at New Orleans, where he lived then. The famous ornithologist described the little fellow and named him after his discoverer the Bachman warbler, in 1834.

Then years went by but none of his kind was seen except rarely in Cuba. After fifty-two years, in 1886, one of these birds was shot in Louisiana, and sent to the American Natural History Museum in New York City. Later a few more of the species were found in Louisiana, but it was not until 1897 that the bird was found to be breeding commonly along the St. Francis River.

Another warbler lost and found again is Kirtland's warbler.

Dr. Samuel Cabot, who knew something about birds, was on a ship sailing near the Bahama Islands in October, 1841, when a tired little bird, brightly-colored, flew down upon the deck. Doctor Cabot caught him and kept him, thinking that he was a bird as yet undiscovered.

Ten years later Doctor J. P. Kirtland, who took an amateur's interest in birds, caught a stranger near Cleveland, Ohio, on May 15, 1851. Spencer F. Baird, a well-known ornithologist of that time, described it and named the new species after its finder.

Years passed but no more Kirtland's warblers were seen again although ornithologists were keeping a far and wide lookout for them.

Since these warblers are migrants, and since one was found in the Bahamas in October and the other in Cleveland in May, it was certain that they went back and forth between these two sections.

In June, 1903, Norman A. Wood dis-

covered this lost bird's nesting-place in Oscoda County, Michigan. There in the high, sandy, jack-pine plains of Central Michigan these warblers nest regularly each spring. In winter they are found only in the Bahamas.

Mr. Fred E. Brooks, one of West Virginia's most ardent bird lovers, has had folks watching for a long time to spot one of these warblers in their migration flights in May or September. It would seem that some of them ought to cross the mountains of this state in their flight from Michigan to the Bahamas.

Anyone in the central Appalachian country who wants to watch out for this rare bird should look for a warbler about five inches in length, his upper parts bluish slate, his under parts pale yellow, with head, back and sides prettily marked with black and brown spots and streaks.

Another warbler lost and found is Swainson's. He was also discovered by Bachman in South Carolina in 1832, and then was lost for fifty years. Now he is found in goodly numbers in several Southern states.

But the small-headed warbler, first found by a pioneer naturalist, Alexander Wilson, in New Jersey in 1812, and found nearly the same time by others independently in Kentucky, has been lost ever since. Yet, even after all these years, ornithologists keep constantly looking for this long lost little fellow of the feathered tribes.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell says:

Very definite teaching of kindness is simply invaluable in the formation of character. Kindness to all of God's creatures is an absolutely essential, rock-bottom necessity if peace and righteousness are to prevail. As for the campaign for Humane Education now being carried on, may God give it infinite success.

He Stopped the Traffic

BERNICE OGDEN

A FREAKISH windstorm may have caused him to lose his bearings. It is doubtful if he had any aspirations to appear on Broadway, but there he was. Even San Diegans, who were familiar with this odd type of bird, stopped to stare at Grandfather Pelican. For he was strolling, or rather waddling, down the middle of the main street in the heart of the city.

Cars halted. A traffic tie-up was threatened. Drivers impelled by kindness or curiosity gave this large, brownish-streaked bird the right of way. His cream-colored head suggesting baldness, together with his awkward gait, no doubt, gained for him the veneration due to age. His long, straw-colored beak seemed almost too heavy for him to hold up. With curiosity, he peered at his unaccustomed surroundings. Apparently, he was not particularly pleased for in a very short time he took off into the air and headed toward the bay.

If we could have followed him to the water, we would have seen him at his best. With a wingspread of about six feet, the California brown pelican is an impressive figure. Gracefully, he circles above the water. Suddenly, he halts in mid-air. From a height of some twenty feet, he dives straight down into the water causing a mighty splash.

Then up comes the pelican with a fish held cross-wise in his beak. With a quick jerk, he casts the fish not down his throat but into his pouch. For the queerest thing about this bird is the yellow membrane pouch under the lower bill. His fishing basket once filled, he retires to the land. When ready for his meal, he merely raises his head, contracts the pouch, and swallows the catch.

If we wished to see more of his family life, we could take a short boat trip to the Coronado Islands of Mexico. There, the pelicans nest in great numbers.



Photo from U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey

A THRIVING PELICAN COLONY

Some Facts about the Starling

ALVIN M. PETERSON

BOB-WHITE, bob-white," came some clear whistled notes from the vicinity of the barn. I glanced that way and saw a number of bob-whites scurrying towards some woods and brush. "Bob-white, bob-white, bob-white," there the notes were again, a chorus of them. Surely, they were the songs of bob-whites, those chubby, fowl-like birds also called quail.

But I had my doubts. The notes were uttered rapidly, shortened a bit, and were not quite as loud and full as they should be. Then, too, half a dozen birds were singing at about the same time, something bob-whites never do. Bob-whites do not sing when roaming about in bevvies, but wait until the flocks have broken up in spring preparatory to nesting. Finally, another fact seemed to have a bearing upon the problem—a dozen or more starlings were perched in the tops of a couple of near-by oaks.

"Spring-o'-the-year," came other sweet whistled notes from the same direction. Was the meadowlark back from its winter home three weeks ahead of time? Here was a mystery.

I advanced cautiously, and the bob-whites scurried off down the pasture. "Bob-white" and "Spring-o'-the-year," came the same sweet notes again, now quite clearly from the tops of the oaks. Then I realized the truth. The starlings were imitating the bob-white and meadowlark and doing a good job of it. Apparently, the sight of the bob-whites on the ground was responsible for the music. Did the starlings mistake some of the bob-whites for meadowlarks and was that why they sang that whistled "Spring-o'-the-year?"

Since then, because I have known what to expect, I often have heard starlings imitating other birds. Last fall, for example, a lone starling was perched in the top of an oak near the drive, where it remained a long time, singing "fee-bee" over and over and imitating the phoebe. It uttered other notes also, the delightful "teer-a-lee" of the bluebird, the call of the red-wing, and some of the notes of the blue jay. The starling also mocks the cardinal, wood pewee, and is able to imitate the mewing of the catbird.

Six or eight years ago starlings were rare in this neighborhood (western Wisconsin), whereas now they are among our most common birds. The first ones I remember were three or four I saw daily all winter long about some trees along a near-by street. The trees had had their tops removed and looked like stubs with dense clusters of small branches at their tops. In these trees, and about a neighboring barn, the birds made their winter home. Then, one spring, my son told me a strange bird was nesting in a hollow tree on my neighbor's farm. It proved to be a starling. Now, starlings often nest in our little bird sanctuary.



Photo from U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey
STARLING CARRYING A MAY BEETLE
TO YOUNG

Two years ago I found a red-headed woodpecker sputtering about an oak near the hen-house. The oak was hollow, and, within it, red-headed woodpeckers had nested for years. The woodpecker screeched loudly as I approached, and soon a starling emerged from the hole to see what all the noise was about. Starlings are suspicious birds, and, upon seeing me, this one flew off. Apparently, my intrusion determined the outcome of this bird quarrel, for the starling did not return and a pair of woodpeckers nested in the hole that year. Last summer, at least two pairs of starlings nested on the premises, both in holes in trees. It is no uncommon thing these days to see flocks, containing from twenty to thirty birds, in the neighborhood during the spring and autumn.

The starling was introduced into the United States from Europe in 1890 and 1891, when a hundred or more birds were liberated in Central Park, New York City. Since then it has multiplied amazingly and spread far and wide.

Why has the starling been able to multiply so rapidly in America? Because it is hardy and sturdy. Then, too, it is prolific and well fitted for the battle for existence. It has a formidable beak, a hard skull and big bones. Finally, it long has lived near man and is shrewd and cunning.

It is a chubby, black bird eight inches in length with some green and purple about the head and neck. The bill is yellow, the tail short, and, in summer, the bird is speckled with cream-colored spots.

It nests in hollow trees, bird-boxes and

nooks about buildings and deprives blue-birds, woodpeckers, martins and some other native birds of nesting-places. The nest is made of twigs, weeds, grass and the like; the eggs are pale blue and number from four to six. The males spend much time about the nest, perching upon a near-by branch, chattering, whistling and snapping their beaks, dropping the wings meanwhile. Starlings destroy many insects but also take and damage fruit and grain.

On Seeing a Migrating Hummingbird Far out to Sea

MARY W. PEASE

*He passed us on the selfsame course
Our great ship took to cross the main,
A flash of color in a sky
Prophetic of the coming rain.*

*He had no place to land and rest,
No food to give him strength to reach
The port on which his heart was set,
Beside a palm-fringed line of beach.*

*He seemed a shining jewel tossed
By careless hands into the air,
And yet he knew beyond a doubt
The windswept path that he must fare.*

*I picture him above a rose,
Safe and warm in a land of sun,
The tiniest bird in all the world
Rejoicing that his journey's done.*

*He taught me that the heart can find
Without the aid of chart or star,
The loveliest things in any clime
However hard the way, or far.*

The Birds at My Window

FERN BERRY

LITTLE did I think when I allowed the woodbine to grow across my kitchen window last summer that I was setting the stage for a whole winter's entertainment. As the leaves dropped away after a brief splurge of brilliant color, cluster after cluster of purplish blue berries remained on the vine like little bunches of grapes. The mildness of the weather allowed them to cure in the finest way without withering and dropping off.

When the first snow storm appeared, covering the weeds and grasses by the roadsides and in the fields, the birds came to my natural feeding station. The beautiful star-spangled starling, pest that he is, was the first to come. Then the tree and English sparrow and the finch. The chickadees came to see what it was all about, and I placed a little shaker of suet on the vine for them. My one hope that a cardinal will find the station has not been fulfilled thus far.

Since the vine actually clings to the glass I have a fine opportunity to watch the birds while I wash my dishes at the sink or prepare a supper salad at the work table. But, I am selfish. I do not let them eat the whole store in one day. I gently tap at the window to scare them away. But they always return on the following day, usually in the morning or afternoon.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

SEPTEMBER, 1940

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-two lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

We Shall Need Your Help

IT was hard to believe it. We naturally thought it was a wildly exaggerated statement till we learned from a director of the State Division of Fisheries and Game his own estimate. Year by year the destruction of deer in Massachusetts by hunters during the hunting seasons goes on. Last year the number reported killed was twenty-one hundred. How many wounded, crawling away to die, no one knows.

Now comes the almost unbelievable statement, made by this director spoken of a moment ago:

"While there is no way in which to determine the exact number of deer killed by these stray dogs, it is probable that through the winter, spring and early summer, they have killed as many as the gunners did in the last open season. Many of these dogs which roam the woods chasing and killing our game are without collars or license tags and the ownership of them is impossible to trace."

Twenty-one hundred deer killed by hunters! Even grant the number not so great for which the dogs are responsible, every humane man, woman and child in the Commonwealth must be shocked at the knowledge that hundreds of these beautiful creatures are annually being caught and torn to pieces by dogs.

Whose dogs do this deadly work? Largely the dogs, undoubtedly, of hunters. That is the common understanding. Unfortunately the dog laws of the State do not permit wardens to shoot at sight dogs worrying and killing deer.

What must be done? The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals purposes to call, this autumn, before the Legislature meets, a conference with the State Division of Fisheries and Game, at which every humane person in the State will be entitled to discuss such legislation as will remedy, so far as possible, this shameful evil and unnecessary cruelty which has so long been permitted. We hope all Massachusetts readers of this article will help arouse public opinion in favor of such amendment to our dog laws as will meet the situation.

Animals Killed on Highways

OVER 30,000,000 animals and birds killed by the automobile on the highways of the United States—and these figures cover only the five months from June to November. During the winter months the casualties drop so materially they are not estimated. These statements appear in an article written by Wilson B. Fiske for the magazine, *Field and Stream*.

Mr. Fiske writes after a long experience over many of the three millions and more miles of the country's roads, and after reports from various states where records have been obtainable. The victims include deer, low-flying night-birds, pheasants, quail, squirrels, woodchucks, skunks, rabbits and even other smaller creatures.

Maine reports 167 deer, 9 moose for one year; New York, 350 deer; Michigan, 300. Ohio has issued windshield stickers to be used on cars urging drivers "To Slow Down," "To Sound Horn," "To Save Ohio's Game." The greatest part of this deadly work is due to two things: careless, reckless driving and speed. This sad story says nothing of the hosts of dogs and cats killed or injured by the automobile.

The Red Cross and Humane Work

While the response to the Red Cross should be prompt and generous on the part of every citizen, for its service is of vital importance, still we should not forget the work that is being done by our humane societies. One often says, "I cannot give for animals because I am doing for children," but generally the people who do for children are the ones who do for animals, and those who do for animals do for children.

Many a charitable organization is finding today the constant plea, "I cannot give because I am giving to the Red Cross." Long after this war is over, these humane organizations will still be obliged to carry on, and those who have made their existence possible and sustained them through former years, we are sure, will not forget them—however great the need elsewhere.

Encouraging

Tuskegee Institute's report of no lynchings in the United States between January 1 and June 30 is most encouraging.

Date of last lynchings by states; according to Louisville (Ky.) *Times*:

Alabama	1937	N. Carolina	1935
Arkansas	1936	Oklahoma	1930
Florida	1939	S. Carolina	1933
Georgia	1938	Tennessee	1937
Kentucky	1934	Texas	1935
Louisiana	1938	Virginia	1932
Mississippi	May 8, 1939		

Forty-two thousand, five hundred eighty-nine white women have repudiated lynching for any cause and have pledged themselves to educate against lynching in their communities. They come from the thirteen Southern States and Missouri and West Virginia; they live in 3,095 towns in 1,083 counties; they work in church societies and small clubs; they have secured the co-operation of 1,307 peace officers and 2,156 men. Their number is steadily increasing.

He Killed Cock Robin

OF whom are we thinking? Some of our readers will remember the jingle, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" "I," said the sparrow, "with my bow and arrow. I killed cock robin." Whether that sparrow was our regular English sparrow or some other fellow of the same tribe, we do not know. We do know that he has found a home for himself in nearly every country of the globe.

Any number of hard things have been said about this little bird, any number of devices have been manufactured to catch him and destroy him here in this country, but let us not forget that he did not ask to come here. We brought him here, thinking that he could do a good job on a very destructive insect that was doing much damage to us. We even went so far as to establish breeding-places for him so that he might increase and multiply.

Personally, we have always liked this small creature who is with us winter and summer when nearly all other birds have left us.

Now comes from the United States Department of Agriculture the most thorough and exhaustive study of the sparrow that has ever been made. It appears in a pamphlet of 166 closely-printed pages. Here is the final conclusion:

"As a basis for this work, 8,004 stomachs were examined, a larger number than ever before employed in the study of the food habits of a single species of bird.

"Of the annual food of the adult English sparrow about one-fifth (19.64 per cent) represents services beneficial to man; about one-fourth (24.78 per cent), those neutral in effect; and the remainder, a little over half (55.58 per cent), those injurious. Its harmful proclivities are centered largely in its consumption of chicken feed, grain of various kinds and garden truck.

"It is known to be an agent in the transmission of certain poultry parasites and diseases. The charge that it has driven away beneficial native species of birds, although not so frequently heard as in the early days of its spread, still persists where the bird is abundant or where it is encroaching on new areas."

In spite of all this, the following may be said in his favor:

"He has done much to keep down the spread of the alfalfa weevil, the evidence being that he is one of the most effective bird enemies of this pest. May beetles and other beetles of the same family he has also been found to have feasted upon. In one case of 190 stomachs examined, 97 contained grasshoppers which comprised more than one-tenth of the food. It has also been established that the English sparrow is an enemy of the pink and green aphid of the potato."

The report further says that the English sparrow has been observed, on several occasions, to eradicate completely the fall army worm from lawns and other small patches of grass around dwellings.

In spite of the fact that the final conclusion is to the effect that probably this little fellow does a bit more harm than good, there are multitudes who will still refuse to denounce him as worthy only of condemnation and say a kind word for him because of what good he really does.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Boston, 170-184 Longwood Avenue

Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street

Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road

Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue

Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville

Wenham, Cherry Street

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JULY REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., COVERING BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMPTON, HAVERHILL, ATHOL, TAUNTON

Miles traveled by humane officers...	16,691
Cases investigated	254
Animals examined	4,606
Animals placed in homes	234
Lost animals restored to owners..	77
Number of prosecutions.....	4
Number of convictions.....	2
Horses taken from work.....	12
Horses humanely put to sleep....	20
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,736
Horse auctions attended	13
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	60,200
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep.....	32

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Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.

H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	814
Cases entered in Dispensary	1,948
Operations	309

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	203
Cases entered in Dispensary	556
Operations	142

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	97
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Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	184,777
Dispensary Cases	464,602
Total	649,379

At the Taunton Branch

The work of the Taunton Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. shows a considerable increase during the past year. A total of 1,284 animals were handled, of which number 619 were voluntarily brought to the shelter. Activities for raising funds consisted of a bridge party, food sale, and annual tag day. There were many donations. The Society furnished 250 pounds of grain to the wild birds during the winter and Boy Scouts kindly distributed it. President Woodward placed Be Kind to Animals posters in all the local schools. Membership in the Branch now numbers 56, including nine honorary members.

The twenty-seventh annual Be Kind to Animals Week will be celebrated April 21 to April 26, 1941, opening with Humane Sunday, April 20.

Auxiliaries of Mass. S. P. C. A.

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Ch. Work Com. First Friday.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. MORTON B. MINER, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT F. PAYNE, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas.

You Must Believe It

WHY? Because it's absolutely true. The letter is from one of our wholly loyal and generous members of many years' standing. It might almost bear the title, "A new use for an old Ford car." Here it is:

"On Tuesday, July 2nd, 'Dick,' our collie dog, left alone in the car in Great Barrington, (while the chauffeur went in the shop to do an errand) jumped out when firecrackers went off and frightened him, and disappeared. Although we hunted from dawn to dusk for a week, we could not find him; he was as 'lost' as if in the heart of Asia!

"We advertised for him and he was reported 'seen' from time to time, (but unfortunately never by us) so I suggested to my husband to leave our old Ford car out in the country where he had been seen (something to supply 'scent.') We left bread and water in the car. For four days, morning and night, we visited that car hoping he would retrace his steps and get the scent. On the seventh day, in the evening, my husband and the chauffeur went to take the car to another place (where he had been seen). Imagine their joy, as they approached the old Ford, to see Dick sitting on the front seat of the car! Imagine the happy reunion; and isn't this an amazing story?

"Dick was thin and dishevelled, had one or two cuts from barbed wire, and showed much suffering in his face, weak on his legs and bark rather weak. He couldn't have stood being 'lost' much longer but, since getting home and having light food several times a day, he is getting entirely normal. A good bath and combing of his beautiful coat are greatly improving his appearance.

"In gratitude for his marvelous restoration to us I am sending to the M. S. P. C. A. a small contribution for 'lost dogs,' hoping it may help some unfortunate.

"Believe me sincerely yours."

Horses Watered in Boston

Four horse watering stations in Boston were made available in July by the Mass. S. P. C. A. During the first ten days over a thousand drinks were served to animals. Many drivers still regard these oases as indispensable in those sections of the city which they serve. This relief will be continued through the hot weather.

Rescue Work in Salem

The Animal Rescue League of Salem, Massachusetts, (Miss Anna Fessenden, President) reports for the year past: 1,136 cats and kittens, 221 dogs and puppies and 12 birds have been humanely and mercifully put to sleep. Homes were found for quite a large number, and a number also were restored to their owners.

Our agent, Mr. F. T. Vickers of Wenham, co-operates wherever possible with this organization in cases of cruelty with which the League cannot deal. We are glad to co-operate with them in every way possible.

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., when making your will.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Field Lecturer in Massachusetts
Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR JULY, 1940

Number of Bands of Mercy formed,	975
Number of addresses made,	56
Number of persons in audiences,	11,026

Retired Workers' Fund

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

The Bumblebee

AN interesting story about the bumblebee is told in a book recently published by Thomas Nelson & Sons of England. The author is Mr. Ray Palmer.

We wonder how many people know that our clover crops are dependent upon the bumblebee, it being the only bee with a tongue long enough to extract the nectar from the flowers, and so do its fertilizing work. It is very different from the regular honeybee. The queen is responsible not only for the laying of the eggs but for superintending the workers in the running of the home. Mr. Palmer says, "Humans might well emulate the scrupulous cleanliness of the worker-bees, both in their person and in their varied tasks as housemaids, nursemaids and guardians of the hearth."

We are afraid that some of our older readers, brought up in the country, were guilty of what many a boy did in his younger days in destroying bumblebees' nests. The writer of these words remembers well some experiences of that sort which he had as a lad. Alas, he knew no better.

Food in Wartime

A book recently published in England, of which Sir John Orr and D. Lubbock are the authors, says, "With sufficient milk, vegetables and potatoes, there need be no malnutrition. With sufficient bread, fat (butter or margarine), potatoes and oatmeal, there will be no starvation."

But what about the millions of poor victims of this pitiless war that cannot get even bread and potatoes, to say nothing of milk and fat and vegetables? Are we in this so far favored land daily grateful for a small part, even, of our many blessings and our freedom from the roar of bombs dropping over our cities and our homes? Are we doing what we can to make life even a little easier for those less blest than we are?

What a Soldier Thinks of War

A staff correspondent of the *Christian Century* sends in the following:

Sergeant Alvin York has at last consented to have a film made depicting his life. But he made the stipulation that it must be a peace and not a war picture, that he himself will not re-enact his exploit in the Argonne, and that the large sum to be paid for it will go to his new Bible school. He once refused an offer of \$150,000 just to re-enact the few minutes in which he captured 132 German soldiers with his sharpshooting rifle, saying, "I don't want my children ever to see me do that." All together he has turned down offers of a half-million to exploit his fame as the most publicized private soldier in the A. E. F. He lives on his valley farm on the Wolf river in Fentress county, Tennessee, makes many addresses on temperance, peace, and religion, remains unspoiled by attention, and keeps his friendliness and good humor.

One out of every twenty-six persons in the United States has been arrested for an offense more serious than a traffic violation.

Humane Education in England

DESPITE the terrific handicap of a nation at war, the Humane Education Society of Manchester, England, is carrying on valiantly. From a letter received in July we quote the following:

Congratulations on excellent articles in your attractive journal. Myself and colleagues deeply appreciate the encouraging and useful information and delightful pictures. It is very thoughtful of you to send on a copy each month. I make good use of each copy in the course of special talks in schools, youth centers and adult movements. Everyone is at once interested when I tell them of your journal, and the kind, practical work being done by The American Humane Education Society. The special article and illustrated posters re "Be Kind to Animals Week," are very good.

Enclosed is a copy of our recent Report and leaflets. We are being kept very busy in these strenuous and adventurous times. Applications for help, advice, special literature and talks, are coming in from all over Great Britain, and many countries and Dominions abroad.

We feel confident that in teaching and training young people, and old ones too, their duty and right relationship towards others, we are doing the best thing possible to eliminate man-made evils of cruelty, crime, warfare, selfishness and fear.

Our great difficulty now is the financial one, the war having caused severe loss to many of our supporters. However, we go forward with faith and courage, doing all we can to help those in need of friendship and protection.

With every good wish for success in all you are doing,

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR MIDDLETON, *Secretary*

Dog Murder in Germany

Every man, woman and child in England who has the slightest affection for domestic animals must have read with disgust, horror and pity the brutal order of Hitler that all the dogs in Germany are to be killed forthwith.

The excuse is that they eat food which is fit for human consumption, but I have no doubt that the carcasses of these poor dogs will be put to other uses.

It is indeed one of the many foul acts that these foul people have perpetrated. That it has become necessary is very clear evidence that the blockade of Germany by the Royal Navy has been successful.

GUY COLERIDGE, *H.M.S. Wildfire*
The Animal's Defender, June, 1940

I will not hurt or kill any living thing needlessly,
Nor destroy any beautiful thing,
But will strive to save and comfort all gentle life
And protect all natural beauty.

RUSKIN

Peace is the happy, natural state of man; war his corruption, his disgrace.

THOMPSON

The Lamb

JUDY VAN DER VEER

*Surely I thought the little lamb
Couldn't die this day,
The sun was in the pasture,
Death must be far away.*

*I tried to feed the ailing lamb,
I put him in the sun
Where he could see the other lambs,
Could watch them jump and run.*

*It seemed the blackbirds called for him,
Bell clear their voices rang,
And all red-throated linnets
Sat on the twigs and sang.*

*The sky was soft as his own fleece,
He didn't seem to know
That spring had brought a singing day
Until the sun was low.*

*He stood upon his trembling legs,
His violet eyes were glass,
He walked to where the golden sun
Lay golden on the grass.*

*He stood there for a long, long time
Before he bent his knees,
He did not ever close his eyes,—
I wonder what he sees! . . .*

Animals in Air Raids

JANET HOLYOAKE

THERE is an organization in England to protect all animals during air raids. It is called the National Animal Air Raid Precautions Committee and has been founded by Colonel R. J. Sturdy whose wonderful work for animal welfare is probably well known even as far from our shores as America.

To facilitate the working of the scheme, each district is under the supervision of a Chief Animal Guard, who is responsible for finding nine other Animal Guards to work under her. These Guards are issued with collecting boxes—the work is entirely voluntary but even the smallest contribution to maintain it is gladly received—registration books, and bundles of white bone discs marked on one side with the blue red cross of the N.A.A.R.P.C. and on the other with the animal's registration number. When a disc is given, the name and address of the animal's owner and the animal's own pet name, are carefully recorded in duplicate, in the registration book. As these books are completed, the Chief Guard keeps a record of the addresses in her district and the second copy is sent to the organization's headquarters in London.

All pets that have been registered have of course to wear their discs attached to their collars. Owners of cats are advised to make little elastic collars that would quickly slip off, should the cat get hung up on the branches of a tree. If any of these registered animals are lost or injured during an air raid, their white disc makes them easily spotted and the registration number gives instant indication of the district from which they come and they can be either attended to by the Animal Guards if they are hurt, or quickly returned to their owner again.

All injured animals that have been registered, whether they be domestic pets or farm stock, are given free veterinary attention. Mobile units have been formed headed by a qualified veterinary surgeon and armed with a motor trailer and humane-killer guns of various sizes. These units are ready to go at a moment's notice to any district in a town or to any out-lying farm or village in the country and give assistance to wounded animals. Those that require special nursing are taken in the trailer to the nearest animal hospital or should any of them be beyond veterinary aid, they can be quickly and mercifully destroyed with the humane-killers.

The Chief Animal Guard has also to arrange for casualty posts to be established throughout her district, where small animals, such as cats and dogs, which are lost, or injured, may be taken until their owner has been found or veterinary help has arrived. In the towns this is a fairly simple matter as only one or two posts have been found necessary and these have been made as far as possible at the veterinary surgeries. But in the country a post is needed in every small village. However, people have risen to the occasion with wonderful generosity and in many cases farmers' wives, whose husbands are already members of the mobile units, have kindly offered their services and have cleared barns and out-buildings and prepared them for casualties or wanderers.

As yet, we are glad to say, not very many animals have been injured, but a large number have benefited by the registration scheme and countless are the tales of dogs and cats who have got lost in unfamiliar "evacuated" surroundings, and have been speedily and safely returned to their owners.

Old Barn

LOUISE DARCY

*Tear down the old gray barn
Where still the swallows wheel,
Feeding their clamorous young,
Greedy for every meal.*

*The barn is leaning now
And soon its sides will fall,
Forcing the swallow brood
To leave their roof-tree tall.*

*The swallows soon will find
Another rafter home,
But I shall miss this barn
Where swallows used to come.*



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CHOIR PRACTICE

The Abandoned Pet

MINA M. TITUS

CATS and dogs sense when packing begins and are heartbroken to be neglected and forgotten. They see the family car disappear, leaving food and water dishes that soon become empty and remain so. However much they cry and call, or how long and patiently they wait, the always-before-friendly door to their home never opens. Trustingly they curl up in rain or wind only to renew persistently the pitiful, hungry calls.

If you can't take your pets with you, don't be so cruel as to leave them to starve or forage in the neighborhood garbage cans for sustenance. Provide them with a temporary home in the care of some person who likes animals, or take them to some home to be boarded during your absence.

And never, never get a new pet, especially a kitten, while on your vacation at camp or cottage and then when it has been loved and petted for a few weeks go back home and leave it to the mercies of woodland or seaside. Every fall countless numbers of such cats and dogs are seen—gaunt, wild-eyed, hungry and cold, as winter winds and snows threaten. They haunt the familiar camp locality until driven abroad to keep from starving or freezing.

Lonely tracks in the first fall of snow tell a sad story of frightened, questing paws that is heart-touching to a lover of animals.

What a way to reward the love these tiny, trusting creatures bestow on their human owners! Don't do it . . . Be kind, as they are faithful.

.. .
Please remember the American Humane Education Society, Boston, in your will.

Parts of Speech

NIXON WATERMAN

*Though gifted with speech, still, we frankly
confess
We should be at a loss for the means to
express
The thoughts which we wish to convey in
our words
Were it not for the help of the beasts and
the birds.*

*It is always so easy to make people know
What we mean when we say something's
"black as a crow";*

*"As proud as a peacock"; "as blind as a
bat";*

"As big as an elephant"; "as spry as a cat";

"As crazy's a loon"; or "as cross as a bear";

*"As brave as a lion"; or "as mad's a March
hare";*

"As busy's a bee"; or "as strong as an ox";

"As dumb as an oyster"; "as sly as a fox";

*"As gay as a lark"; or "as rough as a
ram";*

*"As vain as a rooster"; "as meek as a
lamb";*

*"As deaf as an adder"; "as wild as a deer";
And many more sayings that help to make
clear*

*Our thoughts. 'Twould be hard to translate
into words*

*All our meanings if 'twere't for the beasts
and the birds.*

Paul Whiteman and His Farm

ALFRED S. CAMPBELL

MOST of us think of Paul Whiteman as a famous orchestra leader, but his neighbors in Hunterdon County, New Jersey, know him as a farmer whose livestock and broad acres are always worth seeing. Those who understand what it takes to maintain a farm efficiently are amazed to find that everything is in apple-pie order all the time, summer and winter.

Barn floors are swept. Machinery is kept well painted and oiled and put under cover when not in use. Livestock is well-fed, well-housed and guarded against disease in every way known to science. This is not merely for show, it is good farm economics.

A herd of polled Angus cattle grazes in the lush grass. Pigs, chickens, turkeys, all have their place. A long-horn Texas steer, a gift from the governor of the state of its origin, has a comfortable paddock. But the chief attraction of the farm, from Mr. Whiteman's own viewpoint, are his famous Tennessee walking-horses. The farm itself is named, after them, "Walking-Horse Farm," and between engagements in New York and Hollywood and intermediate points their owner can often be seen riding over from one field to another.

Watching his evident enjoyment in the society of those beautiful animals we can readily understand why it is becoming increasingly more difficult for him to tear himself away from the countryside for long periods in the city.

Peace and friendship with all mankind is our wisest policy and I wish we may be permitted to pursue it.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Something about Turtles

ANNE L. PEACOCK

AFEW years ago baby terrapins with gaudily painted backs on which was inscribed the name of some prominent person or fictitious being were very popular, especially with children. However, the strength of the baby terrapins not being able to withstand days without food, constant handling and the lack of natural and healthful conditions soon cause them to succumb to softening of the shell, blindness and finally to death. Due to the inevitable death of so many of these poor orphans they are no longer a novelty. One establishment selling turtles has ventured to suggest to the public that the paint be painlessly removed after the beauty of it has been appreciated, which is helpful if they must be painted. There are, however, the fortunate few that have lived and thrived and among them we find proud owners whose pet turtles nibble from their fingers; in answer to a call come paddling across the floor, and seem to recognize strangers from members of the household.

Baby terrapins are highly colored and attractive and become interesting pets when properly cared for, but far less dainty and colorful species are even more entertaining and valuable. The common snapping turtle, although not graced with beauty, is a more widely distributed species, is second in size only to the alligator snapping turtle of the South, and will become tame in a surprisingly short time. He is naturally a shy creature and prefers the muddy and secluded lakes of swamp land although he will be found in most lakes and ponds of the southern, eastern and central states. His pugnacious appearance and independent attitude toward the outside world has gained for him the reputation of viciousness and has instilled in persons a fear of an animal whose weight very seldom exceeds one-third that of the average weight of man, an animal who is more interested in retiring to safety than fighting, and one that has no venomous fluid to inject into the human body. His only protective measure is the pressure of the strong biting mandibles and the quickness of the almost elastic neck. Fun-loving persons with a distorted sense of humor enjoy poking sticks at the snapping turtle for the purpose of seeing how this protective measure is put into action. Now and then a person misjudges the ability of the turtle and is taken by surprise and pain as these crushing jaws close over a piece of flesh. In such a case it is difficult to remove the turtle for with his eyes closed and with no other idea in mind he remains thus until it thunders—so the superstition goes—but most persons are not willing to wait for the thunder so proceed to cut off the head of the attacking animal or apply a knife between the jaws. The victim once free vows that all turtles are a menace and should be destroyed.

The life habits of the snapper are simple. They are usually nocturnal, feeding mostly upon the bottom of the lake and on the shore where the prevailing wind has carried available food. A larger portion of their diet consists of vegetation; the aquatic plants so common in most localities. It is doubtful if a snapping turtle could catch



MISS PEACOCK HAS NO FEAR OF ANY TURTLE—SHE HANDLES THEM ALL

an active fish, for never has a snapper been seen moving at a speed that compares in any way to the speed of a fish. It may seem probable that they might catch them by watchful waiting, half buried in mud at the bottom of the lake, neck outstretched and mouth open and ready to grasp the fish that comes in reach of those crushing jaws, but it would seem more likely that a majority of the fish consumed were either injured or dead when taken. Captive turtles are fond of water snakes but are not fond of crayfish and they reject mussels. In trapping them only fresh bait will lure them. Having no teeth with which to chew their food the strong jaws serve a double purpose, for when eating the turtle holds the food in his mouth and tears it into bits with his sharp claws on the fore-feet.

Unlike other reptiles, the eyes of the turtle are set in bony sockets and are capable of focusing but, due to the position of the eyes on either side of the head, each has a separate focal plane. The combination of keen eye-sight and sensitive hearing enables them to elude many dangers.

All turtles kept in captivity a few days will become tame enough to take food from your hand or answer to your call by sticking their proboscis above the water. Turtles will thrive well as a reward for your kind treatment. They should be more admired than feared and hated by the human race, and were it not for their great abundance they would surely rank among the greatest wonders of nature.



"LASSIE"

Josh Billings Loved His Dog

VINCENT THOMPSON

A STRANGE oblivion has overtaken Josh Billings, the beloved New England humorist. Sixty years ago he was one of the most popular lecturers in the country and collections of his crudely-spelled sayings enjoyed an enormous sale. Even Lincoln laughed at his weekly column and shocked a solemn Cabinet by reading aloud Josh's "Essa on the Muel."

In the hey-day of fame the humorist was quite a prominent figure about New York City. He had certainly come a long way since he was an inconspicuous boy by the name of Henry Wheeler Shaw in Lanesboro, Massachusetts. Now, at last, his pen name and his sayings were known to thousands.

Rich and famous, he sometimes rode with his wife through Central Park behind their handsome team, "Tom" and "Jerry." But more often Josh was seen strolling along Broadway with his dog "Milk."

"Milk" was named for Josh's most famous lecture which bore the same title. When Josh delivered it, he sometimes rambled on for an hour or more, humorously harping on every subject under heaven. Then came a pause in which he asked if there were any questions. Easy to bait, some always inquired why he had not stuck to his subject—milk. That made the lecturer grow very sedate and austere. Putting on his most severe face, Josh would make his inevitable reply, "I must inform you that I drank a quart of milk before I climbed this platform. You can, therefore, see I have been lecturing on milk!" The guffaws that followed always put the questioners to shame.

Josh loved his dog dearly. "Milk" was his faithful companion in all his promenades and waited patiently when his master stopped to chat with prominent folk like Mr. Bryant, the poet.

If it had not been for this affection, perhaps Josh might never have written a saying that deserves to be long remembered: "A dog is the only thing in this old selfish world that loves you more than he does himself." Josh also declared: "There is one thing in this world that money won't buy and that is the wag of a dog's tail."

Who Should Stand Trial?

JOHN P. DINNENY

FROM time to time we read in our newspapers of so-called dog trials before courts of law. "Spot," "Rover" or "Teddy" is formally accused of deliberately attacking one of the human species. The Prosecution and Defense solemnly act out the bizarre farce, while the puzzled creature undoubtedly dreams of harmless play and frolic in the near-by fields.

More often than not, it seems, the verdict goes against him. Spot must die. As if by magic, public opinion the nation over rallies to the defense of the condemned dog. This powerful force—never far wrong on fundamentals, when roused on any question—innately senses the silliness and injustice of the whole proceedings. The result usually is, Spot leaves the Court, once again a free dog.

In such cases as Spot's, just what is that intangible truth which people as a unity unconsciously see or feel? No one will deny its existence or the power generated by its realization, however blind. In my opinion it derives from a vague conviction of the mass that, not Spot should stand trial, but rather his master or victim. For in the final analysis the nature and disposition of any dog is merely the synthesis of his training and treatment. "Like master, like dog" to paraphrase an old proverb.

I am unwilling to accept the thesis of hereditary badness in any of our canine friends. It is people who make them bad, and then the people's State has the colossal inconsistency to judge the shortcomings of their own creation. Absurd! An overkind, pampering mistress overnurtures her Fido's limitless capacity for love. He in turn develops misanthropic tendencies towards any one who may attempt to come between them. Or a cruel, harsh master, ill-treating his dog regularly, convinces the poor creature that all men are alike, his enemies. He interprets kindness as hostility and acts accordingly. Never having experienced that virtue, he cannot respond to it. Or the potential victim, by teasing and taunting, rouses the dog's instinct of self-preservation and provokes a justifiable attack. He is then "arrested." We must remember that dogs have no way of ascertaining the intentions of teasers, particularly if strangers.

Who then should stand trial? The answer despite the rhetoric is obvious. But only in the distant future perhaps, when we shall be able to see more clearly and understandably, can the obvious be made a reality. In the meantime let us never forget that our dog is what we make him. In his love for us he patterns himself after our every quality, good or bad, and in so doing he is but a canine reflection of our own personality. And in conclusion let us never fail to swell the volume—however infinitesimal our contribution may be—of public opinion against the farcical absurdities of "dog trials" and the equally farcical injustice of condemnatory sentences.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.

Dog or Clown?

JOSEPH CROUGHWELL

RECENTLY I visited a friend of mine and was surprised to see that he had acquired a beautiful cocker spaniel about two years of age. Knowing that my friend had never owned a dog before, or had even spoken of owning one I asked him why he had purchased the animal.

"Why?" he exclaimed. "Do you know this dog is highly trained? He can roll over, play dead, shake hands, climb a ladder and do a half-dozen other complicated tricks. That's why I bought the dog. I wouldn't own a dumb dog who just lived to eat, drink, sleep and bark. This dog will amuse all my friends with his tricks and when we have our yearly club racket I intend to exhibit him to the other members. His performance will go over big with the boys."

I must admit that my opinion of my friend dropped after hearing his explanation of what a dog should be able to accomplish. He had bought this dog already trained. He had failed to realize that training dogs to perform complicated tricks or even simple ones is a decided strain not only on the nerves of the animal, but also on his disposition during the training period. He also failed to realize that dogs were meant to be companions and guardians to mankind. It is quite evident that my friend did not wish to be the owner of a dog, he wished to possess a four-legged clown that could supply a source of amusement for his friends. There are many other people, who, like my friend, think it is smart to teach their dogs a lot of tricks that were never meant to be part of a dog's general make-up. The only training a dog should be given is those necessary instructions that will make him easier to handle and will also safeguard the dog's life. Don't raise your dog to be a comical clown. Let him live a dog's life as was intended for him.



ONCE A STRAY—NOW IN GOOD HOME

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Nine hundred and seventy-six new Bands of Mercy were organized during July. Of these, 958 were in Illinois, 16 in Virginia, and one each in the Philippine Islands and Tennessee.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 252,412.

"Sir Thomas"

JEANETTE NOURLAND

*I know a grand old tiger-cat
That wouldn't take a prize
In any show—unless they'd see
The beauty in his eyes.*

*For loving disposition rare,
And happy, purring heart,
I'd hunt for his superior
Through many a feline mart.*

*Within my heart, where loyalty
Earns homage, half divine—
None has a better claim, I know,
Than "Thomas" has to mine!*

Here is the best animal story of the month—maybe of the year. Ethel Barnett de Vito has a cat that is inordinately fond of shrimp. So far, not strange. But our friend found the cat getting too excited when the word shrimp was mentioned, and she had to take to spelling it. Now Kitty recognizes the spelling and rushes for the refrigerator when she hears the letters pronounced.

—Household Magazine.



MARY COBURN BLACKERBY AND
"SHEP"
Four-year-olds of Lexington, Kentucky



DOG DAYS, INDEED, FOR THIS GROUP OF HAPPY CHILDREN

The Puppy

MATTIE C. H. DUNNICK

WE were on our way to Saint Mary's Church when we met a small brown, woolly puppy. He gazed wistfully at each passerby but no one noticed him; he seemed to be a lost puppy.

Now, I have always had a great love for dogs, especially puppies, so I just naturally gave that tiny fellow a friendly little pat.

That settled it. He was beside himself with joy and trotted along happily until we reached the church door where I chased him off.

In the midst of the service the priest held up his hand and said, "Will one of the ushers quietly remove the little dog?"

There he was, coming up the aisle, sniffing at each pew as he came. He had not reached my seat before the usher met him. He turned and fled, but not to leave. Oh, no, he had no such intention. He was in the other aisle before the usher reached the door.

Thinking the puppy had left the building the usher sat down. The service was resumed.

In a few minutes people on that side of the church began to smile. There was that puppy wagging his tail industriously as he scanned the faces along the way.

Well, he passed from one seat to the next until he reached the front, just as the incense holders were being waved about.

That was too much. He jumped about, barking excitedly. Again the service was interrupted while the ushers, two this time, tried to put him out. Up one aisle, across the front and down the other aisle they went, but to no avail.

Finally, the kindly old priest said "We will ignore the mischievous puppy and conclude this service."

Finding all quiet again, the puppy continued his search for his lost friend. As he crossed the front this time he sat down near the priest, cocking his head from side to side as though he was trying to puzzle things out.

Then he spied the tassels on the priest's gown; just the nicest things to play with, so he made a grab for them, but the priest also made a grab and caught the puppy in his arms; spoke a few gentle words as he pulled his woolly ears. The ushers came forward. Again the puppy made his escape and scampered away down the aisle. In

doing so he passed my seat, recognized me and hid under my chair where he rested quietly until the service was over.

I tried to lose the puppy in the crowd as we passed out of the church, but he had adopted me and evidently meant to stick to me for life.

At this writing he is my constant companion, except when I go to St. Mary's.

Good Work in Manitoba

"The character building of our children must go on," said one of the school supervisors in Winnipeg, Manitoba, when told that four city and two country groups of the Junior Humane Society have discontinued their membership in order to concentrate on Red Cross work. But, happily, the great majority are just as interested in their Junior Humane Society work. This we learn from the excellent report on humane education recently issued by Mrs. Alice D. Hansell, honorary secretary of the Society, who writes (June 11), "We are continuing our work in spite of other war work, and have lately added three more rural groups of members. Our committee is sending your magazine, *Our Dumb Animals*, to about sixty schools in Winnipeg and other places in Manitoba. It is much appreciated by both teachers and children."

The extent of this work is shown by the report that last year there were Junior Humane Society groups in 36 schools, with 2,000 members in Winnipeg, and 22 groups with nearly 500 members in the country. Among the activities were competitive bird-house building and modeling of animals in soap or plasticine. Just before Christmas the pupils of the Glenwood city school made 150 posters. The Society enjoys splendid cooperation from educational officials in the city, as well as from the supervisors and teachers generally.

Wood Thrush in the City

The wood thrush is the official bird of the District of Columbia, and though he is a native of the woodlands, he has learned to make himself at home in city parks and gardens. This songster summers in eastern North America west to the prairie region and spends his winters in Mexico and Central America, and occasionally in Florida. Sometimes he migrates by way of the Bahamas, Cuba and Jamaica.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Lost Kitten's Plea

BESS LEVINE

*Have mercy on me, please, kind sir,
And do not put me out;
'T is such a dark and stormy night,
With not a soul about.*

*A little nook is all I need,
To curl right up and sleep.
Perchance a mouse might show his head,
And then I'll earn my keep.*

Animal Masquerade

STANLEY STOTZ

ALTHOUGH Australia is the smallest continent, it has the largest variety of animals in the world. If one each of all the different kinds of animals in Australia were assembled in one place, there would be a veritable animal masquerade party.

The most peculiar creature in Australia, or in the world for that matter, is the duckbill or platypus. Without its head, the platypus looks like a mole, but completely assembled it has a bill just like a duck, webbed feet, fur instead of feathers, and it lays eggs in a nest from which its young are hatched. Call it what you will, it is still Nature's queerest freak. In no other place in the world is this animal found.

A close "runner-up" for the title of queerest is the koala or honey "bear." Although the koala poses as a bear, he is not a member of the bear family. His nearest relatives are spiders. The koala is small, and looks like a child's plush teddy bear come suddenly to life. Like baby kangaroos, baby koalas are carried in the mother's pouch until old enough to ride on her back.

If your were to see a rabbit that looked like a miniature kangaroo, you could call it a bandicoot, but the Australian bandicoot is actually a member of the rat family, despite its rabbit-like ears and whiskers and its kangaroo habits.

Another masquerader in Australia is the feather-tailed flying mouse which perches in trees. When quiet, its tail of fine fur hangs down and looks just exactly like the tail feathers of a bird. This fellow does not really fly, but makes long leaps like the flying squirrel. What looks like wings, is simply thin skin membrane which is stretched out when in flight.

All of the animals in Australia are gentle and live on foliage, with one exception. This is the dingo dog. The dingo is the only flesh-eating animal in Australia. When pressed with hunger, they will band together and attack a flock of sheep, but most of the time they harass only the small and harmless animals.

We cannot leave this masquerade party without mentioning a relative of the great gray kangaroo that has taken to living in trees. The tree kangaroo is smaller and darker in color than the gray kangaroo and can negotiate some of the most difficult tree-climbing stunts with the utmost safety. It can be said that they can "look down" on their clumsy cousins of the plains.



Company for Dinner

BERNARD L. KOBEL

DID you ever have dinner all set on the table and then have company pop in unexpectedly? Well, from appearances, that is just what has happened here, for the little girl of Melbourne, Australia, has started on her lunch and look who dropped in. Mrs. Koala Bear and her two children. One of the baby bears still holds on to his mother's back as they always do when youngsters, but the other one has climbed off the mother's back to go over and see what food is made of.

It was these tiny bears that were used as models for the "Teddy Bear" of a generation ago and which caused the sensation among toy buyers as did the recent imitation of the panda. The koala is protected in Australia by law because heartless men were shooting the harmless little fellows and they were fast disappearing until action was taken to protect them.

My Cafeteria

ADELAIDE BLANTON

*I have a cafeteria,
I feed my callers free,
And all they need to do is come,
And that is pay for me.*

*The menu always differs some
From bread to bits of grain,
I try to keep them satisfied
So they will call again.*

*I often tie some suet fresh
Upon a limb or stick,
And that affords a banquet fine,
They come and pick and pick.*

*You may by now quite understand
The kind of guests I feed,
They are my little feathered friends
Who are so fond of seed.*

Air Warning

HILLIARD FOLEY

CHUMMY," the little Airedale, barked joyously as he leaped into the front seat of his master's car. Boy! He was a big-shot, due for a nice long ride in the country. He knew the joys of these rides. He'd had them before. Pleasant pressing his nose against the windshield, or sticking it out the window and breathing the cool air pouring in. But—?

Shucks! This wasn't much of a ride at all! Already they'd passed through an entrance gate into a noisy amusement park, and his master was parking the car in a stuffy space amongst a thousand other cars. Miserable place, it seemed. All din and racket. Midway and that. Raucous-voiced spielers rasping into metallic microphones. —Oh, well, he'd hop out and frisk around with his master—But, what is this? Suddenly his heart fills with dull, uneasy pain. His master was pushing him into the back seat of the car and speaking nonchalantly:

"No, Chummy, you can't come with me this time; you must stay and watch the car. But I'll be back after a while. So long, Chummy!" Closing the windows and locking the car, the unthinking owner slipped the key into his pocket and strolled off with the crowd.

This thoughtless abandonment was enough to break the heart of any dog, and perhaps it broke the heart of little Chummy. But its reaction on the owner came very near to breaking his heart as well; for when he returned a few hours later, he found his car surrounded by an extremely indignant crowd, including the present writer and a couple of very angry policemen. Little Chummy was dead; having suffocated in an air-tight car, parked full under the merciless rays of a blazing August sun.

Yes, the owner's grief for his pet was intense, but what good is belated grief? He was by no means a cruel or callous person; just thoughtless, ignorant,—dumb, if you like.

Well, speaking from Ottawa, that can't happen here. All dumb creatures are entitled to God's fresh air, and the Ottawa Humane Society will see to it that no thoughtless ignorance will deprive them of it. The Society has arranged with police to place warning notices in all cars containing pets. This should prove effective.

New Shelter at Johnstown

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of Cambria County, Pa., recently announced the opening of a shelter for small animals at Johnstown. This new public service is receiving the support of city officials and citizens, and from new members of the Society. The president of the organization, Mrs. F. C. Kress, states that the Society is steadily growing and many homeless and suffering animals are receiving help and humane disposal. The new shelter has facilities for the care of forty dogs at one time. With increasing funds it will not only mean much to the stray and neglected animals but also it will be of great educational value to the community which it serves.

Plans for Humane Meeting

THE American Humane Association announces that at its annual meeting, September 23 to 27, at Hotel Paxton, Omaha, Nebraska, an added attraction will be an address on "The City Dog Problem," by Mr. C. E. Harbison, kennel editor of Conde Nast Publications, Inc.

In the exhibition of birds, animals and reptiles killed by automobiles, owned by Burlingham Schurr of Granby, Mass., there will be an ample number of selected specimens from the nearly 350 mounted subjects which Mr. Schurr has so far obtained in his unique collection.

It is understood that a large delegation from the Pacific Coast is planning to attend this convention, and it is earnestly hoped that the other sections of the country will also be well represented. Mr. John W. Welch, secretary of the Nebraska Humane Society, and a large and enthusiastic committee representing the organization assure everybody of a cordial welcome to Omaha and a week that will long be remembered for its outstanding hospitality.

Animals in China

From a letter written from Shanghai, China, last May, we are permitted to quote the following comment on the situation in China in regard to animals:

"For the animals of this vast land, my considered opinion is, after forty years in the country, that the Chinese are not a cruel people and that given peace and improved standards of life, including a very necessary knowledge of hygiene which is still entirely lacking, the state of the domestic animal will also improve. Religious teaching, though not a very active factor in Chinese life, does explicitly teach kindness and non-molesting of animals (Buddhism and Taoism) and in fact Christian teachers have much to learn of this tolerance and sense of justice to all forms of life. In the center and south of China man is the beast of burden and the suffering of dogs, cats, donkeys, etc., is usually the result of ignorance, poverty and dirt, and also because of the religious objection to killing unwanted young or aged animals."

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Write for terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels.

At Age Sixty-Five

Our Life Annuities will pay you 6.5%—that is, \$65 annually for each multiple of \$1,000. Correspondingly higher rates for advancing ages up to 9%.

ADVANTAGES

- It is no experiment,
- There is no anxiety,
- No fluctuations in rate of income,
- No commissions,
- No legal expenses,
- No inheritance taxes,
- Your gift will benefit the humane objects of the Societies,
- No waste of your estate by a will contest.

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Persons of comparatively small means may, by this arrangement, obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of unfortunate animals.

The management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, will be glad to furnish further details.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining Life	20 00	Annual	1 00
Children's			\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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